

THE
FREEHOLDER'S
Lamentation.

AIR, "Mary I believ'd thee true."

Oh! Hely, I believ'd thee rich,—
And I was grigg'd with choicest picking;
But soon I found that close as pitch,
The Money to thy Fob was sticking:
For few have ever poll'd like me,
And few have cheer'd thee so sincerely,
And few have have e'er deceiv'd like thee,
And kept the Cash I won so dearly!

Fare thee well! Yet think a bit
On one whose Vote may save thy bacon,
Who now would freely Vote for *KIR*,
But Cash is low, and Bribes are taking;
Fare thee well! good bye to thee
Who promis'd many a Silver Token,
For see, *prime Radical*, oh! see
My duds are popp'd, my breeches broken.

SONG.

Put COLTHURST'S conduct to the test,
By every ordeal try it,
Let foul detraction do its best,
With courage he'll defy it.

Scandal, has a busy tongue,
Spare no reputation
Ever in your ears is rung,
Some tale of defamation.

But Truth and Justice will prevail
In spite of envious hate,
Place his actions in the scale,
And leave the rest to fate.

In City business skill'd, alert,
Our interest to defend,
What duty e'er did he desert?
Or confidence of Friend?

Yet strange with ardent zeal some blame,
Condemn his liberal views,
Tis thus Religion's sacred name,
Both fools and knaves abuse.

Can faction's voice command respect,
The vain and selfish claim it,
Candour and Truth meet with neglect,
Or anxious zealots blame it.

Our honest warmth shall fops deride,
Despise our native manners;
Will purpled Rome with conscious pride
Support a RECREANT'S BANNERS.

But some in meanest weed that grows,
Find Graces, very true 'tis,
While others in the brightest rose,
See specks, but never beauties.